

PEABODY PRESS.

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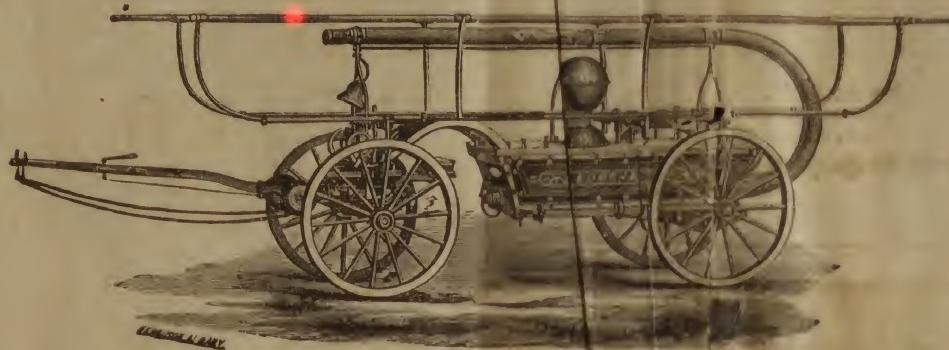
17 Peabody and 63 Union Sts., Salem.

COAL, WOOD, BARK, LIME

CEMENT and HAY

TUBS WITH A HISTORY.

A SKETCH OF THE OLD HAND ENGINES OF SOUTH DANVERS,
BY A VETERAN OF THE OLD HAND DEPARTMENT.



When steam fire engines became a necessity to every progressive community, and with the high pressure water service caused the disbandment of the old engine companies, and the sale of the old machines, few persons imagined that the old interest in the hand tubs would ever be revived again, and that the rivalries, jealousies, prejudices and hatreds so long buried and apparently consigned to oblivion would be stirred into life again, and flame up with old time vigor. To be sure the present veteran movement had its origin in a spirit of fun and diversion amongst the old time firemen, and is in accord with that inherent spirit of comradeship which impels men who have toiled or fought together in a common cause, to meet and talk over old times and old achievements. Nevertheless the spirit engendered by this movement is as deep and as genuine, as when the rival companies met at a fire thirty or forty years ago, and the first on the field sought the chance to put their "butts" into the tub of a hated rival. If the machines were of different make the rivalry was intensified, and the desire for revenge or glory more vehement. It may appear singular that staid old citizens, grandfathers, solid men of affairs should be moved to take interest in such apparent trivialities, but after all sentiment rules the world, and once a fireman always a fireman; the older the more ardent.

Fourty-five years ago there were many hand engines in the towns of South Danvers and Danvers. The towns were more nearly equal in population and business than at the present time. There was a good deal of jealousy between the two places, and each was bound to have her full requirements in all matters of public improvement. Both places got high schools together in 1850, and in 1855 the newly erected town house in Danvers was an exact duplicate of the one in South Danvers of the same date.

Torrent No. 3 was located on Central street, or the lane, as it was called, just in front of its present position. Eagle 5 was housed on Main street, just about the site of Nugent's shoe store, near G. A. Hall. Gen. Foster No. 7 was located on the Square, between Hutchinson's grocery store and the PRESS Office, and the house of Volunteer 8 stood in front of Nathaniel Annable's blacksmith shop, near the corner of Grove street.

Old Niagara, the pioneer engine, was still in existence and was taken out for fun occasionally, but as it had to be filled with buckets its day had gone by. There were several fire engines in those days that had no power of draughting water and were only useful at a fire in taking water from another machine. The old Sutton, down in the hollow, was of this class. She was a double decker, built by Agnew of Philadelphia, and the Exchange and Constitution of Salem were of the same pattern. These engines, with their triple tiers of men, presented a formidable appearance, but they were about as big as line of battle ships and a clumsy.

The Torrent was built by Hunneman of Roxbury nearly 50 years ago, and despite her long years of service, neglect and hard usage, is good today for a long squirt, and a formidable rival of the fanciest machine of modern make. Her cylinders are 5 1/2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This long stroke gives her a peculiar power of throwing a slight jet of water an unexpected distance, and has been the means of winning many a prize. The men who manned the brakes on the Torrent lived right around the neighborhood, and nearly all of them were farmers and cultivated the famous Danvers onion. Some, too, were potters, but every man lived in the house which his father had built and could trace his descent to the first settlers. They were not particularly stylish firemen, but they always got there, and in

quick time, too. Philip O'born was captain for a good many years, and a good one he was. There were always Bushbys, Buxtons and Osborns on the roll, and usually near the top of the list. A famous pumper was Big Ben Stevens; seven feet high, he appeared used as huge as himself, and on a summer evening, when the tamen hauled down their little tub to play at the South Church spire, the towering form of Ben was seen above all the crowd, as waiting for the water to come, he pointed his great pipe upward, and seemed to lift the stream as it rose to the top of the steeple. Next

all the playing was perpendicular to those days, and in the great annual Manchester, N. H., in '50 or '60, when fifty engines contested, the judges were perched up in the steeples of nearby church, in order to form a more exact judgment of the height of the streams. Perpendicular stroke cannot be measured as accurately as horizontal ones, and they are much more severe on an engine and crew.

As the playing in Manchester was through 400 feet of hose and a small pipe, it is easy to conceive what pressure had to be maintained. There were engines of repute from all over New England at this muster, but the first prize was taken by a little country tub from Winchendon. The big double-decker, the Yale of South Reading, second master, was the maker of the second prize. From our town were present at the great contest, but a large delegation of the Volunteers were there as guests of the Agiles of Newburyport and Eagle company of Bangor.

The location of the Torrent, in the midst of population, mainly farmers, removed from factories, and apart from the busy centre, was the means of keeping the company in service long after the introduction of steamers and high service. Then there was also an intense local pride in the little tub and her achievements. She had been taken to fairs and had competed successfully with the crack machines of other towns and had won from more pretentious adversaries—money and trumpets—and glory.

But her day had come; new conditions had arisen. A water supply, whose power is only equalled by its richness, and whose beneficial effects exceed all its other qualities, extended to the people security so boundless and a safety so palpable that all doubts were dispelled and all opposition vanished. The Torrents disbanded and a hose company was put into the old house. That grievesome carvings, the emanation of a medieval imagination remained over the entrance and hangs there today. The old engine was finally sold, and had apparently gone into oblivion. Years elapsed, and one

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fate remains untold in mortal strain," and it is only when chance brings a few old timers together that the scenes and actors are brought upon the stage, and comrades of youthful days take shape and live again.

The Gen. Foster was housed on Lowell street, near the PRESS Office, and was also a Leslie machine. Her company at that time was made up mainly of rising young business men, or the sons of the old tanners and curriers of Foster and Central streets. Dana Woodbury and Reuben Nelson were two of the best known captains. The company was a very lively and a very hospitable one. They had plenty of money, a nice uniform and they all looked well. The Dodges, Harris', Proctors and Nelsons were amongst the leading spirits of the old Foster crew. They cared little for record playing, but they were prompt to the call of duty, and very active in getting to a fire. When they went to a muster, it was more for fun than glory, and if any accident happened through liveliness, it was promptly and satisfactorily adjusted and settled on the spot.

When the fire districts were changed the Foster was moved to the corner of Washington and Mason streets and a new company with new officers took charge of the machine. H. A. Bass, Robert B. Bancroft and others now dead and gone were elected in succession to command, and the engine performed good service until the final disbandment of the company. She was finally disposed of to a country town, and has ever since probably suffered the fate of the famous one horse show.

The advent of the Volunteers was somewhat peculiar. The machine, as well as the subsequent ones of the same name, was built by L. Button & Co., of Waterford, N. Y., and the new Salem tub is the product of the same builders and is practically of the same pattern and size as the present Volunteer of Central Falls, R. I.

The old Volunteer was built for the people of Roxbury, but in her first trial it was claimed that in some requirements she was not up to contract, so she was sold by the builder to Gen. Sutton, who presented her to this town, to be used by the company then located at the corner of Main and Grove street for fire purposes. The company who had been using the old machine, ~~had~~ ^{had} recently ~~left~~ ^{left} the city, and new members were attracted by the strange machine. She was an innovation on anything seen in these parts, for she was a side stroke engine.

All the Hunneman, Leslie, Howard & Davis, and tubs of those patterns draft on the side and play from the opposite side. They have folding brakes which swing out when ready to play, and their cylinders or pumps are narrow and very long. The side stroke engine, on the other hand, draughts from the end, stern and discharges through the front of the tub. Her brakes are always ready for action by just pulling them down in place and her cylinders are wide and short. Thus the cylinders of the new Salem machine are 10 inches in diameter and 7 1/2 inches in length. Those of the Torrent are 5 1/2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This gives the two an entirely different stroke, one short and quick, the other long and slow. The Washington, owned by the Unions, is a side stroke, built by Jeffers of Pawtucket, but it has a somewhat longer action than the Salem's. In addition to the

(Continued on 4th Page.)

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AND PROTECTION TO FAMILY PROVIDED BY THE

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Backache, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulence, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Irregularity, Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. It will relieve

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In Self Defense

you ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science far surpassing filthy Cod liver oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength.

The Discovery is sold on trial. In everything, that's claimed for it, as a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and fleshmaker, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Rupture or breach, permanently cured without the knife. Address for pamphlet and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It takes a pretty lively sprinter to pass his 100th birthday.

A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard; "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of biliousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

Featherstone—I bear that you are going to move, Ringway.

Ringway—Move! I should like to know where you heard that.

Featherstone—Your landlord told me.

An Honest Preparation

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will do all that is claimed for it. I was a sufferer for years with dyspepsia and kidney complaint. Favorite Remedy cured me.

Wm. Huston, Weehawken, N. J.

"What makes you think he is so in love with you?"

"Oh, I know it, because he is so attentive to other girls when I am present."—Truth.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**The Breaking of Records.**

What chance is there in this game now? She tries hard.

Steamship captains, horse owners, bicyclists, and a lot of other people, are making strenuous and untiring efforts to "break the record." The great public looks on at the game with good-natured interest.

Once in a while sober science does a little record smashing on her own account. One of her latest and greatest achievements is the discovery and application of a process for artificially digesting food so that it is absorbed immediately by the system, without imposing the least labor on a weak stomach. This food is called Paskola. It restores the debilitated, and gives fat to the thin because it is starchy. Only starches add real, solid lasting flesh to the body. Oils and fats don't and never will.

Mr. H. O. Mahood, of Ementou, Venango Co., Pa., says: "I was so weak and run down that I thought I would have to give up my business. I could not eat nor sleep. After one bottle of Paskola I began to gain at once and have gained over fifteen pounds in less than three weeks and I now feel like a new man."

No wonder.

Mrs. G. C. Storch of Wellington & Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, writes:—"I have been sick nearly three years, at times suffering terrible burning pains in my back and then cold in the lower part of the bowels. Sometimes I thought I should die. All this time I was constipated. When I first began taking Paskola, I was tempted to give it up, thinking it would do no good, because I had taken so much medicine. I feel Paskola beginning to do me good, and today I took a longer walk than I have been able to take for three years. I am much stronger. I am taking my 16th bottle of Paskola, and I eat almost everything now. I am 56 years old, and was always active, having worked hard."

Paskola may be bought of any reputable druggist. An interesting pamphlet on food and digestion will be mailed free on application to

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For sale by William T. Lee, Douglass.

Charlie—Mamma, maynt I go to the street for a bit? The boy say there's a comet to be seen.

Mamma—Well, yes; but don't go too near.—Tid-bits.

A Wonderful Conqueror.

No disease is more common among the people than scrofula. Handed down from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in some form. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in swellings in the neck or goitre, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attaching the mucous membrane it may be known as catarrh, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

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In whatever form scrofula may manifest itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla is its inveterate foe and conqueror. This medicine has such powerful alterative and vitalizing effects upon the blood that every trace of impurity is expelled, and the blood is made rich, pure and healthy.

Cured by S. S. S.

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SWIFT SPECIALTY CO., Atlanta, Ga.

S

Lady (handing out some cold victuals)—Why dont you go to work?
. Tramp—Well, ma'am, it's this way. When I'm hungry I'm too weak to work and when I'm full, why, of course, I don't need to work—New York Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION
Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

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Palmytass assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate, with certainty. Nothing is easier. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BRACELET gives you thirty years. Well-made LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, tame or rich. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demarest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that you will be compelled to subscribe. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF PEACE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked, we denote LINE OF HEALTH. Your doctor can tell you so well the horoscope in Demarest's. No other magazine published so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well defined. Turn up your page and see Demarest's Magazine to learn more. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 17x22 inches, "I'm a Daisy" which is almost a real baby equal to the original. Premiums worth over \$300. If you don't have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, then will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the best dime novels, and the best of the best. Send us your subscription at once, only \$2.00, and you will really get over \$25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demarest, 15 East 14th St., New York. You are unacquainted with Demarest's, send for a copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE, generosity; long FIRST DIVISION of THUMB, strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The hands are divided into four quadrants and each quadrant has a name: SATURN, love of pleasure; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY, intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

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Send us your name and address, and we will write to you.

For sale by William T. Lee, Douglass.

Charlie—Mamma, maynt I go to the street for a bit? The boy say there's a comet to be seen.

Mamma—Well, yes; but don't go too near.—Tid-bits.

**E. C. ALLEN & CO.,
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AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

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Send Back My Letters.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Indante.

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BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE

DIDN'T USE

SAPOLIO**Grip**

or Influenza is a preventable disease, and curable too. That depends on the medicine used. It is an absolute fact that the Grip may be

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Allen's Sarsaparilla a staple remedy, endorsed and recommended by physicians, druggists and the people. Under its magical influence Grip symptoms disappear rapidly.

Mr. G. M. Skillings, of Saco, Me., writes that he was entirely cured of the Grip by

Allen's Sarsaparilla

It cured him; It will cure you; Try it!

SHERIDAN'S Keep Chickens Strong

and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early; it is worth its weight in gold when hens molt; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhea, Leg-weakness, it is a powerful food digestive.

Large cans are most economical to buy.

Therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs.

It is also highly concentrated, successively used in small doses, no other kind one fourth as strong.

In quantity it costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. One large can saved me \$60.00 six more to pay for roup to 120 hens a customer, paid by druggists, grocers and food dealers. No other ever made like it.

If You Can't Get it Near Home, Send to Us. Ask First.

We send to stand one pack for \$2.50, Five \$1.00. One large can \$1.25. Six cans \$5. express paid. Sample copy of "the best poultry paper published" sent free. T. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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keeps shoes black, and does not crack the leather.

No Ammonia, No Acids to rot or crack.

Contains Oil to preserve leather and make it soft and pliable.

Ask Your Retailer for it. Take no other.

C. L. Hauthaway & Sons, Boston, Mass.

THE
BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL

For the Year 1894.

THE NEW FORM AND ENLARGEMENT
A GREAT SUCCESS.

Progressive Methods.
Aggressive Republicanism.
Diversified Contents.

The Leading Family Newspaper in New England.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR, POSTAGE INCLUDED.

LAST YEAR'S PROMISES WARRANTED:

When, two years ago, the Boston Weekly Journal presented to new as well as old-time patrons its claims, in view of the change from the folio to the quart form—from a paper of four pages and thirty-six columns to one of eight pages and fifty-six columns—the prospects were announced as most promising; and now that it comes again, after a second year that more than realized the expectations, it has warrant for giving still greater promise for the year to come.

DEVELOPED FEATURES.

The features of the past year, including those of varied and attractive illustrations, fine typographical appearance, good classification and comprehensive presentation of local and general news, will be continued and as much as possible still further developed, and diversified.

ATTRACtIONS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

The paper will be maintained in the future, as in the past, on a plane of pure morals and correct taste, that makes it an ideal one to enter the home circle. One of the most attractive elements in this direction will be the continuation of new and original contributions by authors of established reputation, worthy of general reading for their literary value, as well as their enlivening social and educational interest.

POLITICAL STABILITY.

The coming year bids fair to be one of marked political interest to the nation in view of pending issues, and the Journal can be relied on to show the stability of character and the sterling adherence to Republican principles that have actuated its course in the past.

EVIDENCES OF APPRECIATION.

On all sides during the year now over, and in a constantly increasing degree of enthusiasm, notes of appreciation of The Journal for its new and progressive methods have appeared, but the most substantial have been those embodied in new subscriptions and enlarged sales and advertising.

NO INCREASE OF PRICE.

In view of added value in character, variety, and amount of matter given with the Weekly Journal, our readers will doubtless join in our gratification at the announcement that there will be no increase of the price, so that a paper which was regarded as remarkably moderate in price when consisting of only four pages will be found much more so now, when the number of pages has been doubled.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL,
Only One Dollar Per Annum,
Postage Included.

The inducements for clubs will also continue to be strong, and the arrangements favorable
10 Copies (one extra to originator of the Club) \$10
20 Copies (two extra to originator of the Club) \$20
One copy free for every 10 subscribers.

BOSTON JOURNAL, Morning or Evening, 8 pages and upward, \$6 per annum.
BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL, 16 pages and upward, \$2 per annum.

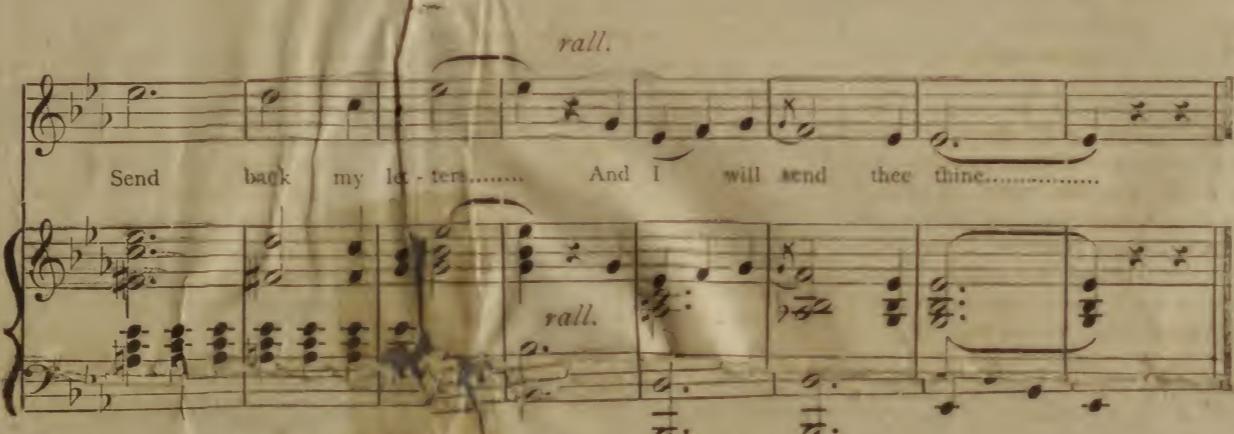
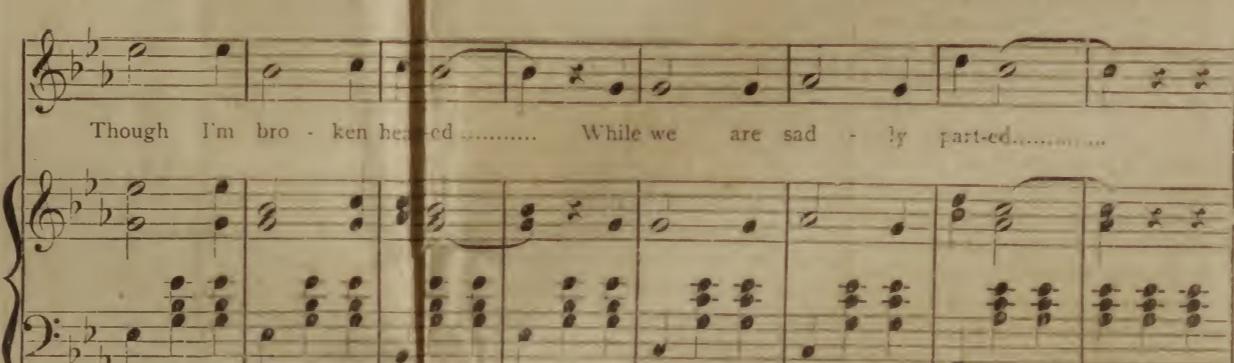
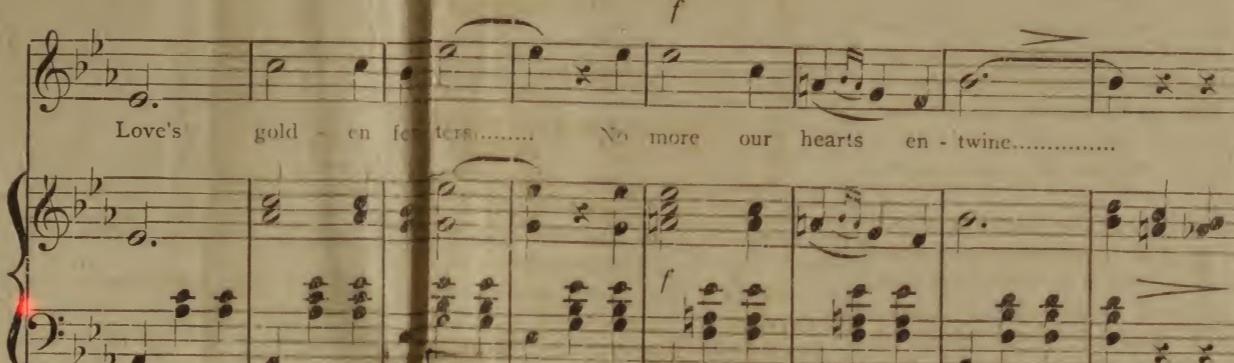
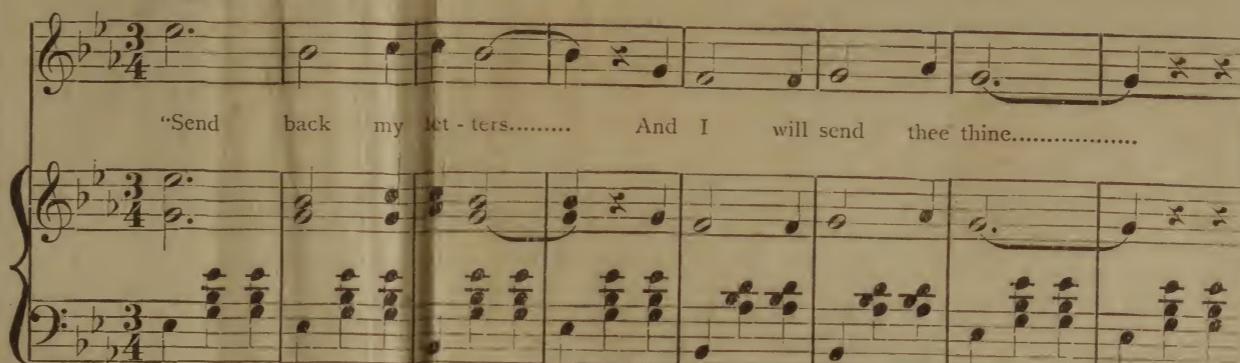
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Send Back My Letters.

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M. B. WILSON, 282 Essex St.

A full line of Trimmed and
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HATS AND BONNETS

in all the new designs. Also Infant's Bonnets, Neckties, Veilings, Aprons, etc.

Your inspection respectfully solicited.

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262 Essex St., Salem.

WARREN

FIVE CENT SAVINGS BANK.

RUFUS H. BROWN, President.

ALBERT H. MERRILL, Treasurer.

New deposits commence drawing Inter-
on the third Wednesday of February,
May, August and November.Dividends are payable semi-annually
on the third Wednesday of May and
November.E. B. BALCOMB,
ARCHITECT.

New Peabody Block

Next south of Salem Post Office,

Washington Street,
SALEM, MASS.FRAZER AXLE
GREASE
REST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually
lasting two boxes of any other
effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

The Home Treatment.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY
FOR THE
CURE OF ALCOHOLISM.

Treatment at home at a very low price, within the reach of all. Those addicted to drink, or their friends, should investigate this great discovery. Homes are made pleasant.

Permanent Cure. Safe.

Write for full particulars. All inquiries promptly answered. Correspondence in all cases strictly confidential. Agents wanted.

Positively all appetite for liquor leaves the patient in a few days after beginning the treatment.

THE HOME TREATMENT IS
THE DISCOVERY OF AN EMINENT
PHYSICIAN.

LAWRENCE, N. H., April 23, 1894.
Gentlemen: I have tried your Treatment and it effected a permanent cure, and after drinking liquor for some twenty years, I have not the least appetite for drink in any shape. It is a safe, sure and I would say an infallible cure to give it a trial as it will surely do its work well. Its low price, real merit and opportunity of being cured at home is a great help to anyone who wishes to be a man. W. B. SWARTH,
Contractor and Builder.

HOME TREATMENT CO.,
Lawrence, N. H., U. S. A.

The Home Treatment.

Removal!

The undersigned has removed his

Livery Business

From the old hotel stable on Mill
Street, to the

Shackley Stable

Corner of Foster and Summer streets.

Entrance on Summer street.

CHARLES SIMONDS,
PEABODY.

Telephone 500-2.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the interests
and business of MERRIAM & CO.,
and C. H. WARREN & CO., Coal
Dealers, Danversport, we are pre-
pared to furnish

Coal and Wood

At moderate prices, and hope by
selling the best kinds of

Coal & Wood

Wood sawed or split

To merit a share of the public patronage.

Orders may be left at No. 3
Allen's Block, Peabody.

Lore & Russell.

What is the Use

of suffering, when 25 cents
will buy a bottle of

Renne's

PAIN-KILLING

Magic Oil.

"It Works like a Charm"

for Sore Throat, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Pains of all kinds.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Domestic Animals need
HARVELL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

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TRASK & PUTNAM,
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Curriers' Specialties.
ESTABLISHED 1870.

Curriers' and
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TRASK & PUTNAM,
27 WALNUT STREET.
Telephone 502-4.

Boston Revere Beach & Lynn R.R.

Summer Time-Table, July 1, 1894.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at
7 05, 7 35, 8 05, 8 35, 9 05, 9 35, 10 05, 10 35,
11 05, 11 35 A. M., 12 05, 12 35, 1 05, 1 35,
2 05, 2 35, 3 05, 3 35, 4 05, 4 35, 5 05, 5 35, 6 05
6 35, 7 05, 7 35, 8 05, 8 35, 9 05, 10 05 and 11 05
P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 6 10, 7, 7 30,
8 30, 9, 9 30, 10, 10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M.,
12 30, 1, 1 30, 2, 2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6,
6 30, 7, 7 30, 8, 8 35, 9 30 and 10 30 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at
9 30, 10, 10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M., 12 30, 1,
1 30, 2, 2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6, 6 30, 7
7 30, 8, 8 30, 9, 9 30 and 10 30 P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 8 45, 9 00, 10,
10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M., 12 30, 1, 1 30, 2,
2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6, 6 30, 7, 7 30, 8,
8 30, 9 and 9 30 P. M.

H. L. HOYT, JOHN A. FENNO,
G. T. A., Supt.
Boston, July 1, 1894.

A CONUNDRUM.—Will Peabody
support a

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You have a chance to do it.
Every description of upholstery work repaired.
Old mattresses made as good as new and
new mattresses of all kinds made to order of
the best materials.
Carpets made up and laid; carpets relaid.
Shades and drapery furnished in every style.
Drop me a postal card and I will call with
a good line of samples, and give estimates of
best of work

J. T. CASSINO,
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Station at G. R. Norton's, S. M. Warner's.

Cut Flowers
— AND —
Floral Designs,
— FOR —
WEDDING, FUNERAL
And All Occasions.

J. H. PUNCHARD,
76 Federal (near North) Street.

W. P. Swasey, D. D. S.
Painless Extraction of Teeth a
Specialty.

291 ESSEX STREET, SALEM.
NEXT TO MECHANIC HALL.

Monday and Saturday evenings.

B. M. HILL'S
PEABODY and SALEM EXPRESS
Leaves Peabody at 7:30 A.M. and
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RESIDENCE, 30 CENTRAL STREET.

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256 1-2 ESSEX ST., SALEM
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The Peabody Press,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
27 LOWELL ST., - PEABODY, MASS.
PEABODY PRESS CO., PUBLISHERS
F. G. PRESTON, Editor.
TERMS:
\$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for six months;
50 cents for three months.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894.

SOME of the County editors are trying to create an artificial sentiment in favor of County Commissioner Bishop, by putting out the statement that Commissioners Dauforth and Smith are unqualified for conducting the business of the Board without Bishop to steer them. This is not true, but it is an insult to the former, at least, who has had two years experience in the affairs of the Board, and even so far as Mr. Smith is concerned, is a reflection upon his judgment and general ability.

It took somebody a good while to learn the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the people, but that art has now been acquired and transmitted to the new members as a sort of introductory ceremonial when they assumed the duties of the office. There are many monstrosities that have already been exposed in the near past, that led to the movement of reorganization by the people, and there are some methods not already touched upon that would form fruitful sources of inquiry. The customs of the Board, that have been in vogue for years, need changing, and there is no one so well qualified to introduce a change as a new, live man.

New blood will result in benefit to the public in many ways, and the people should not be blinded or humbugged into inaction by any cry of incompetence. It is not so long ago these same editors were sounding a similar alarm at the prospect of removal of Col. Raymond. They would have had the people believe the sun would stop in its course if the Colonel were removed, but he was removed, and things went right along, and nobody dreamed that the guiding spirit of the Board had been taken from the council board.

Let us have a new man and a good one and take the chances. The remaining members are not infants nor imbeciles. They have knowledge and experience enough to go alone.

Another, against the unspoken protest of President Cleveland. There is not enough free trade in it for him, but it is the nearest approach to it that he will ever live to see. The wheel of misfortune will not drop the democrats into power again for many years.

The President might have stuck to his point against the sugar trust schedule, but the middle course he adopted, while it must be rather humiliating to his imperious will, is, on the whole, the best for the country. A nearer approach to prosperity can be reached under a semi free trade bill than under the chaotic conditions that have existed for the past year.

The Peabody Press' recommendation for Hon. B. F. Southwick as a councillor, is that Peabody has not had a county office for 30 years. Very good; if the locality pleases Mr. Southwick's stronghold how it sounds to put forth the fact that Newbury never had a councillor? If locality is argument then Mr. Dame of Newbury is the man who merits support.—[Newburyport News].

That is all very true, but Mr. Dame is a Newburyport business man and is really Newburyport's candidate, and that city has had a Councillor within the memory of people now living.

The PEABODY PRESS thinks it would be unfair to have a man from that section of the county chosen county treasurer. The assurance of the PRESS is simply overpowering.—[Haverhill Gazette].

No brother, it is not our assurance but the fear of a change that has overpowered you.

WE RECEIVED a call this week from Hon. Samuel L. Sawyer, who was in town looking after his fences. He freely admitted that Peabody was solid for B. F. Southwick, but outside of this town thought his chances about even and was very hopeful.

SENATOR GORMAN has won a great battle and now his physicians have ordered him to Europe to recuperate. It would have been well if Congress had gone in a body, a year ago.

State Library to be Moved.
The new state library in the State House extension will probably be ready for occupancy early in October, at least, the State House Commissioners have informed Librarian Tillinghast that they hope to have the new quarters ready by that time. The work of removing the 80,000 volumes to the new building and arranging them on the shelves will be no light task, and the work will be made more difficult if carried on during the cold weather.

(Continued from 1st Page.)
gift of the engine, the General also presented a bell to the Volunteer company. This is the bell that now hangs in the turret of the hose house on Pierpont street, and it has something of a history. It is said to be a convent bell from the valley of Mexico; it is covered with Latin inscriptions and it has a very peculiar tone. It was used on the old depot in Salem at the opening of the railroad, and was rung to announce the arrival and departure of trains. Corporal Pitman had charge of the ringing of the bell. He was a noted character in those days and performed his duties with a pompousunction that was delicious. Now, the General's house was not in South Danvers then, for the line was not changed until later, and he himself was chief of the Salem fire department, yet his sympathies were always with us, and his munificence was not bounded by town lines.

The Volunteer company was always a cosmopolitan organization, and in the ranks were men from various sections of a curiously located district. South Danvers extended down to the big tree on Boston street on one side, while the west side up to the brook, near Gen. Sutton's wool shop, was a part of Salem. From Boston street, therefore, came a gang of young firemen that had few superiors for activity, intelligence and reliability. The Converse boys, Joe Dodge, the Burdicks and the Swaseys were conspicuous among them. There were five brothers in the Converse family and they were all enthusiastic firemen. The Peirces, the Prices, the Trasks and the Southwicks lived from Main street to upper Holton, and they were never backward. Then from Dublin was sent out a very lively contingent of youngsters who were always on hand and who became in time full-fledged Volunteers and were always eager partisans. Amongst these were the Andrews brothers, the Gilberts, and also the Carroll boys.

With such an aggregation, requiring only the right kind of a leading spirit, the company could not help being prompt, active and efficient. They were fortunate in their captains, and on many occasions were led to glory and victory under the lead of Stephen Osborn, Joseph Hildreth, D. S. Littlefield and George C. Pearce. Under Capt. Pearce the company thrived and flourished. He was a man of great fire control of his men and he had many of the qualities which captivate a crowd and make a successful leader.

In 1854 the new Volunteer arrived and the old one returned to its generous donor. It was tested in the severest manner, pronounced satisfactory, and shortly after the company moved to their new house on Pierpont street. There was a tower in this house for drying hose, the first in this section, and a fine cistern in the cellar, from which water could be drawn by the engine without leaving the house. The hall overhead was elegantly fitted up, and the building and appointments were in advance of the times.

Great pride was taken in the engine, in the house and in the organization. Discipline was very strict and drills were frequent. When Geo. C. Pearce was on top of the machine, not a word was heard but the short, sharp note of command. The reputation of the company extended far and near, and visitors from afar were hospitably entertained. Liquor was kept out of sight, and cards and gambling tabooed. But few companies had sweeter singers, better story tellers or handier boxers.

It is safe to say that the Volunteer company performed a greater amount of fire duty than any organization in this portion of the state. Situated close to the Salem line, it was the custom to respond to every alarm from that city. The corner of Aborn street was considered the bounds, and if an engineer did not order them back, the boys were in full swing for the fire. Consequently many of the deeds which they deem glorious were performed under the eyes and for the benefit of their neighbors. They like to tell of the mansion house fire, where they worked all night and saved a building at the corner of St. Peter and Church streets, the only one left standing in the morning, of the fire one Sunday night near the North bridge, where stationed in line, they sucked one engine and washed another, of the fire in Pine street, one noon time, where they ran down without a horse, and almost in the heart of Salem, got on second water.

Comrades: this little sketch, imperfect and loosely drawn is offered to you in the kindest spirit. There is no attempt to revive animosities, or to belittle the work and the deeds of any man or men. What is written here is of events and scenes best known to the writer. To most of them he was an eye witness, in many a participant. There is brotherhood of veterans who have no written by-laws, who are not circumscribed by the edict of league or

council, and in whose hearts only friendship reigns. To these he offers the one and only toast of that Boniface which we knew so well. "Boys: here's to the times we have had; you can't rub them out."

T. C.

ESSEX COUNTY,

The Boston & Maine railroad have temporarily hired accommodations for three blacksmiths and machinists in Paul B. Patten's shop at Salem, and have also put some of their men in the Bridge street shops until the matter of building the burned shops is settled.

Col. John P. Sweeney of Lawrence has been confirmed as Post Master.

M. C. Decker, who is 50 years of age and who keeps a shooting gallery in Gloucester, is under arrest, charged with abducting and trying to marry Mary, the 13-year-old daughter of William McNeil. Decker came here from Maine. Friends of the girl think she is mesmerized.

A Lynn party while driving through Beverly Farms, Sunday, collided with a team driven by Albert Fish, coachman for ex-Mayor John Raymond of Salem. Fish dislocated his left arm and shoulder, and Charles Smith, who was in the carriage with him, received a cut on the arm. The Lynn party kept on the road to Manchester without seeing how bad the accident was.

Lynn has a big labor celebration Monday, aided by a \$200 appropriation by the city government.

The annual cattle show of the Essex County society will be held at Haverhill the 18th, 19th, and 20th.

Judge Bond will open the September term of the Superior Court at Salem, Monday. No business will be transacted until Tuesday as it is a legal holiday.

Canton Nemo of Albany was entertained by Salem Odd Fellows, Monday evening and Tuesday forenoon.

Many Essex County Knights of Pythias were in Washington this week attending the parade.

Many Years of Matrimony.
Mr. and Mrs. Stone of 133 Washington street, Lynn, celebrated the 62d anniversary of their marriage Monday, in their home, and the members of their family and many friends called during the day and evening to offer congratulations and small tokens of memory for the aged couple. Both are in excellent health, and enjoyed the occasion very much.

Mr. Stone is a native of Lynn, and was born in 1811. He was one of the first constables under the old town of Lynn government and was for a time janitor of the old Lyceum hall. He was also a member of the board of health at the time the cholera raged in the workhouse in the 40's. He has also been a coroner, city marshal, deputy marshal and for many years was janitor of the old Methodist church that stood where Lee hall now stands.

Mrs. Stone was also born in Lynn the same year as her husband. Mr. Stone is the father of William Stone, the present superintendent of Pine Grove cemetery.

An anniversary of this nature is a rare event.

Local Politics.
The political parties will hold but one caucus this fall, under the new caucus law, and all the delegates will then be nominated, also a candidate for the legislature and a new town committee will be chosen, each party doing all the business which has heretofore required two or three caucuses, on one night. The Republicans will renominate Representative Quint for a second term and the Democrats are looking over the field.

Mr. Carroll can have the nomination again if he wants it, and it is said that he would poll more votes than he did last year because the Republican candidate is not so strong as he was a year ago.

In case of his declining to run a possible candidate for the nomination is W. A. Galecia of South Peabody, for several years a member of the board of selectmen.—[Peabody Cor. News].

One Amesbury candidate for the republican nomination for County Commissioner has been brought forward. If faithful service in the interest of one's party counts for anything, Mr. Garland should receive strong support.—[Amesbury News].

During the past few days word has come from several towns in this vicinity that they would support the name of John M. Garland of this town for republican candidate for County Commissioner. Amesbury has never had a County Commissioner and there is no reason why we should not have one. Mr. Garland would make a strong candidate before the convention and it is hoped that he will allow the use of his name.—[Haverhill Bulletin].

Everything connected

with Butter



—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked-in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PVLE, New York.

SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC, COMMERCIAL LAW, GRAMMAR, CORRESPONDENCE, Etc., at the BOSTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

No. 1 BEACON ST., cor. of Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

This College is the most conveniently located of any for persons coming in at the Northern Depots. The instruction is unsurpassed and the College has been noted for years for the thoroughness of its work.

It is endorsed by leading educators and business men and no other college of its kind in New England can show an equally strong endorsement.

The instruction is individual and is adapted to the need of each student.

While the rates are no higher than others the location and accommodation are better than those possessed by other colleges.

The regular fall term begins Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1894, but students are received at any time.

Send or call for circular.

OBITUARY.

John S. Torr died at his residence on Washington street Monday forenoon, after a long illness, of consumption. He has been about most of the time during his sickness, excepting the last five weeks, when he was confined to the house and for some time to his bed.

He was born in Peabody September 3, 1828, his father being the late Andrew Torr.

He learned the tanning business and followed his trade for some years, when he was appointed an Inspector in the Boston Custom House, where he remained until a change in administration resulted in his removal, after which he was engaged in the leather business and has been connected therewith, in some way or other until within a few months. His latest connection with the business was that of broker of hides and leather.

He was a staunch republican and formerly took an active part in politics.

He was a member of Jordan Lodge F. & A. M.

He leaves a widow and eight children.

Moses Wingate, a brother of the late James R. Wingate of this town, died at San Jose, California, just three weeks after the decease of his brother.

He was not personally so well known here; but leaves a widow who went from this vicinity to California some years ago, Miss Abbie Phelps, book-keeper at Bushby & Johnson's and Samuel Trask's for several years.

Frank Reed died at his residence on Lynn street Tuesday of heart failure, at the age of 37 years.

Decceased was a son of the late William W. Reed and was born in Peabody. He was a shoemaker by trade and has worked for Warren Shaw & Co., of late. He was in his usual health until a week before his death and was not at any time considered dangerously ill.

He leaves a widow and one son, his widow being a sister to Mrs. Otis Williams who died about two weeks ago.

He was a member of Ship Rock Lodge, New England Order of Protection of this town.

The funeral will take place from the church at South Peabody at 2:30 this afternoon.

The committee of the Sons of the Revolution has secured as complete a list as possible of the names of the soldiers who fought in the war of independence, and the locations of their graves. It is its intention to have every grave in the state marked in a suitable manner. The tablets cost \$1, and the society has petitioned towns and cities in which are interred the remains of revolutionary soldiers to appropriate special funds for the purchase of the tablets. Many cities have complied, and it is expected that others will accede to the modest and patriotic request.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

W. G. Webber & Co.

238 and 240 Essex Street,

94 Washington Street,

SALEM, MASS.

ARTHUR W. SIM,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

80. DANVERS BANK BUILDING,

PEABODY.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.



Mr. Elias Dewitt

After the Grip

My son was left weak, stomach and lungs affected, could not eat or sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored his strength and made him better than for years. It also cured my daughter of impure blood and lame running sores. Miss Eva Dewitt, Box 148, East Berlin, Connecticut.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

LOCAL LINES.

School opens Tuesday.

Labor Day will not be celebrated to any great extent in Peabody, Monday.

Mrs. Barnes and her daughter Edith are at Quincy.

Spence & Peaslee's fall term opens Tuesday for business training.

William Busteed won a 100 yards dash and \$5. from Patrick Flynn, on Elm street, last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Etta Dow has purchased an estate on Hanover street, Lynn, and will remove thither.

George S. Curtis has purchased the lot of land at the corner of Monroe and Elm streets and will erect thereon his future abode.

Patrick Cahill has purchased the John Rust place near the juncture of Wallis and Tremont street for his own occupation.

Rev. George A. Hall returned with his family from his vacation trip Tuesday. He will occupy his pulpit tomorrow.

The new fire alarm box 63 has been located at the residence of Walter Nourse, near Proctor's Crossing. It will be tested some day next week.

Samuel C. Larabee has been rustling at Peck's Island in Portland harbor this week. The annual reunion of his war regiment was held there.

Superintendent of Schools Gifford moved his household belongings into the Ernest Porter house on North Central street this week. The house is just completed.

Bob Osborne and Charley Potter had quite a scrap on Callier street, Monday. Bob held the championship and would have completely done up his man if the scrap had not been interferred with, he says.

If you wish to attend Burdett College this fall you should send in your name at once, or you may have to wait for a vacancy on its rolls, as a waiting list is sure to come in the near future.

Miss Eliza Foster of Wakefield has been elected principal of the Endicott school in place of Mrs. Sanborn, whose resignation we chronicled recently. Miss Foster has been a teacher in the training school in Dover, N. H., and is especially well recommended for primary work. She has, however, declined to accept.

Dean's Rheumatic Pills absolutely cure rheumatism & neuralgia. Entirely vegetable.

D. P. McCarthy vacated his store on Main street this week to give the carpenters and painters a chance to refit it. He is continuing his fire sale in Red Men's building, Tauntonville, and will return to Peabody a week from Monday and reopen with a new line of goods throughout. Not a scrap of his old stock will be on his counters.

Sylvanus L. Newhall returned to his desk in the Warren National Bank yesterday, after an absence of about ten months, caused by a fall on the ice last winter, by which his leg was broken and afterward amputated.

Miss Salie Sanger is expected to return today from Waltham, where for the past month she has been a guest in the families of Deputy Sheriff John Tolman and Bradshaw Tolman, the latter a large real estate operator in that locality. Miss Sanger has spent an enjoyable month amidst the gaieties of the crust of society and returns refreshed and invigorated, to take up anew her classes in dancing, which were so successful last season. She will, we understand, conduct an advanced class or classes in addition to her juvenile class.

Clarence J. Messer returned to Peabody this week from Portland, Oregon. He reports business in Oregon at a dead level, and in Salt Lake, Omaha, and other large western centres he found it no better upon his recent visits. He has been in Oregon five years and during his residence there has been engaged in journalism upon the leading daily of Portland. He will probably not return to the west.

Book Cabinets are cheaper than ever before. At Paine's Furniture Ware rooms in Boston, a double cabinet built of solid oak, with glass doors, Colonial moulding, galleried back, and five shelves, carrying 175 volumes, is offered at only \$13. Why not secure one?

John F. Moore and wife and Richard E. Smith and wife have gone to North Conway to pass their vacation.

Shea's factory on Grove street will be equipped with electric lights furnished by the town plant.

Peter J. Frye removed to his residence on Central street yesterday—the former Reed domicile.

Mrs. Carrie (Bomer) Hoag is reported critically ill and her life is despaired of by her friends in Springfield, where she now resides.

M. T. Ray is in Washington, D. C., attending the national K. of P. encampment.

E. S. Plaisted of Revere formerly of Peabody is the proud father of a 9 pound boy. The little fellow has been visiting with his parents two weeks.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.**PALACE THEATRE**

Next Monday being Labor Day, the management of the Palace Theatre has determined to celebrate it in a fitting way and for the week has prepared what will prove to be the most novel entertainment ever presented.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Louis Aldrich in "My Partner" a conjunction of names known in every household in America, and a favorite with the theatre-going public, is the attraction at the Grand Opera House commencing with a matinee on Labor Day. Mr. Aldrich will appear in his original role of "Joe Saunders" a part he has made famous, and which is accepted by critics as the leading character creation of virile Americanism on the stage.

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE

Beginning Monday evening, the Bowdoin Square Theatre offers one of the most attractive plays, "The Span of Life."

In New York, Boston, Washington and Philadelphia, "The Span of Life" has been played to enormous houses. The mechanical effects are something marvelous and have the merit of originality. Nothing like the human bridge has been attempted before and it is not to be wondered at that the play created such a sensation. It was originally produced in London, a little over a year ago, and is still running successfully there. The original American cast will be seen here, as will all its original scenery and its mechanical effects. The New York Herald says: "Scenery vivid in its realism of pictures and perfect throughout in the clock work machinery of its progress. "The Span of Life" returns to the Grand Opera House, more powerful, more successful and more popular than ever. The audience that filled every available portion of the house, found vent in their applause for their admiration as curtain after curtain fell upon the highly sensational and thrilling bits of climatic action. The lighthouse on Coffin Rocks on the Devonshire coast with an angry sea outside, the fog bells ringing in the distance and a ship with all sails set from out of the fog comes sailing up to the ledge, is a bit of realism that leaves the spectator thrilled and astounded. The crowning feature, however, is the "Span of Life," or bridge of human bodies formed by three men across a deep chasm with a roaring cataract beneath, over which the heroine and her child cross in safety. "The Span of Life" will create a sensation here, first because it is a novelty, next, it is presented by a great company with original scenery and mechanism. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. William A. Brady will produce at the Bowdoin Square Theatre this season, a brand new play which is founded on the late Chilian troubles.

Maine Fair.

The Maine state fair will be held at Lewiston, Sept. 1 to 7, inclusive.

The Boston & Maine railroad will sell round trip tickets to the fair grounds including admission coupon, good Sept. 1 to 7; returning, good until Sept. 8, inclusive.

Denunciation in the Family.

Mary Desha, sister-in-law of Colonel Breckinridge, has published an address to the men and women of the congressional district, giving him a terrible arraignment. She calls for his defeat in the name of decency and morality.

John G. Mauger Editor of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov. 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Representative Bennett's Misfortune.

The barn, sheep shed and contents including 45 tons of hay, a ton of feed, three cows, two horses and farm tools in Freedom, Me., owned by Hon. F. P. Bennett of Everett, Mass., were struck by lightning Sunday morning and destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$5000; no insurance.

Education & Employment

A thorough and practical course of study in

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Preparing young people to earn their own living individually instruction; positions for pupils; experienced teachers. Our record of

54 YEARS AND 29,000 PUPILS

Speaks for itself. Prospectus free by mail or at office.

COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
666 Washington St., cor. Beach,
BOSTON, MASS.**PROBATE NOTICE.**

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ESSEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of HENRY TILTON, late of Peabody, in said county, yeoman, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Arthur F. Poole, who says that letters testamentary may be issued to him, his executor thereto named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Salem, in said County of Essex, on the seventeenth day of September, A. D., 1894, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said person is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this intimation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the PEABODY PRESS, a newspaper published in Peabody, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, ROLLIN E. HARMON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety four.

J. T. MAHONEY.

Register.

1894.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTYN, M. D.,

New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SUICIDE AT SOUTH PEABODY.An Impte of the Almshouse End.
His Life by Drowning.

Residents of South Peabody near Craig's pond were startled Sunday morning to know that a man had committed suicide in their midst.

About 8.10 Marion Ozcko, H. E. Merrow and John C. Collins heard cries for help, and running to the pond were met by Warren Gilford, a resident of Lynnfield, who said a man was drowning.

Ozcko quickly took off his clothes and jumped in. He succeeded in getting hold of the man and swam across the pond with him.

In the meantime, Collins and Merrow managed to get a plank which Ozcko put under the man's head, but he had still life enough in him to duck his head several times.

They managed to get him ashore and everything was done to save his life, but he died in a few minutes.

The deceased was Samuel Patterson of Lynnfield, who had been boarding at the Peabody Almshouse.

It seems Gilford was taking an early morning ride and Patterson requested a ride also. Gilford drove down Lynnfield street and Patterson expressed a desire to see the Vaughn Machine Works.

Coming to the pond, he got out of the buggy, took off his hat and coat, jumped in and walked toward the center of the pond, with his head under water.

He was about 74 years of age and leaves two sons and two daughters. He was a wheelwright by trade and had worked up to about a year or two ago. No reason can be assigned for the rash act, as he was considered sane.

His son arrived from Maine to take charge of the remains, which were interred at Lynnfield.

Newspaper Enterprise.

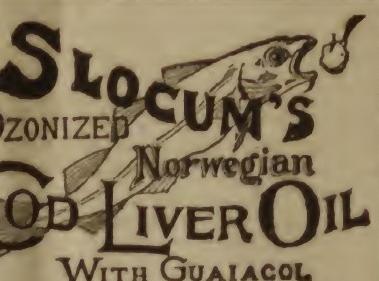
Here is the Herald's description of the fifteen year old murdered girl. Her hair was dark brown, her eyes of the same color, and her complexion was clear. Her hair was long and wavy; her teeth white and regular, and her lips delicately chiseled. The "cut" of the girl, published on the first page of the same paper, represents a North End Moll of about thirty, with a cutting cut on her hair, a broken nose, sour mouth and deep lines of dissipation on her face. Evidently "the greatest paper in Boston" has run a cut of an old police court rounder for that of little country schoolgirl and this, we suppose, is "newspaper enterprise."

Town Light.

The town of Wakefield is now operating its own electric lighting plant, and thus far results are eminently satisfactory. Wakefield was the first town in the state to take advantage of the new law allowing towns and cities to acquire

the property of existing lighting companies within their borders. The town now intends to have the best lighted streets in Massachusetts. The first place to be benefited is beautiful Wakefield Park, in which a half dozen additional lights are placed.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly



Perhaps you don't know what Guaiacol is, but you know something of creosote as a remedy for indigestion and other diseases. Well,

Guaiacol

is a refined form of creosote, and is made from the resin of beech trees. It stimulates a languid appetite as the air of the woods does. As long as they can and will eat, consumptives can fight their disease. That is why Guaiacol is combined with ozone, a very active form of oxygen, in Slocum's Ozonized Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.

Send for Book on Ozone, mailed free. Prepared by T. A. Slocum Co., New York.

Vacation Over.

The schools will reopen Tuesday with full ranks and the following new teachers: John M. Nichols of Greene, Maine, Principal of the High School, Misses Lilian M. Tufbury and Minnie Joslin assistants; George H. Galger of Chelsea Principal of the Walls, Miss Minnie

Walls, 2nd class—of the Center; Misses Lizzie H. Coffin Principal and Ida Burnham first assistant of the South. Miss Mary L. Patrick will have charge of drawing in all schools.

Miss Carrie A. Nutter of North Beverly who has been an organizer of kindergartens in Wilmington, Del., has been elected Principal and Miss Juanita P. Machado assistant of the kindergarten at the Willis school.

This department will not open for two or three weeks and will take children from 4 to 6 years to the number of 50, if so many apply. If not, the age will be lowered to 3 1/2 years. Mrs. Beckett's room will be used for this department.

The kindergarten is paid for out of the Willis fund, which was left by Dennis Willis, a native of Ipswich, who moved to this town when a young man, and after serving in the Revolution in the quota of Danvers, engaged in a prosperous business here and died in August 1825. He had no children, but took great interest in school matters, and is will bequeathed \$2000 in trust for his widow, who is now the Willis district. This fund has been used principally for evening schools. The income has increased the original principal.

Deceased was 52 years of age and leaves two daughters and one son to mourn her untimely demise.

She was a lady of many virtues and will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

The funeral occurred Thursday afternoon.

D. P. McCarthy has purchased the large millinery store at the corner of Washington and Hollis street, Boston.

McCarthy will take charge of the new drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward to any case of Catarrh that cannot be

dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store.

We are the undersigned have known F. J.

McCarthy for the last 15 years, and believe

him perfectly honorable in all business

transactions and financially able to carry

any obligation made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists,

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo, O.

Chamberlain's Cough Cure is taken internally,

Hon. F. P. Bennett of Everett, Mass.,

were struck by

CRYSTALINE SALT

PUT UP IN ROUND CARTONS

It does very well to pack common salt, into rough wooden boxes or cheap cotton bags, but for snow white table salt round cartons are the correct thing.

They are dust-tight, handy and convenient.

CAUTION. Since CRYSTALINE became so popular, salt has been put up in the market in round cartons, which somewhat resemble the Crystaline cartons. Get the stuff inside that's different.

TELL YOUR GROCER YOU WANT CRYSTALINE.

GOING ON A VACATION?
TO NOVA SCOTIA?
THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

TAKE THE
YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP LINE.

Shortest! Cheapest! Best!

Four trips per week each way. Leaving Lewis' Wharf, Boston, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 o'clock.

The unrivaled boats,

"BOSTON" AND "YARMOUTH,"
are still in commission and make close connections with provincial boats and trains.

J. F. SPINNEY,
Boston Agent,
Perl, Lewis' Wharf.

L. E. BAKER, President,
Yarmouth, N. S.

THE MOST USEFUL MAGAZINE

to the business man, the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the teacher, the politician, and short, to every one who is interested in affairs which concern the American public, and who wishes to keep fully abreast of the times, is

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Every subject of importance is dealt with in its pages, impartially, on both sides, at the very time when the course of events brings it to the front, by the very men or women whose opinions are most valued. The REVIEW does not hesitate at the most liberal expenditure in order to secure articles from the highest authorities. Its list of contributors forms a role of the representative men and women

(fn)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the most widely read magazine of its class in the world, being neither scholastic nor technical, but popular and practical in its treatment of all topics.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is only periodical of its kind which has a recognized place as

A FAMILY MAGAZINE

This is because it devotes much attention to subjects that are of particular interest to women.

No other periodical in the world can point to such a succession of distinguished writers as have contributed to the Review during the past four years. The list embraces America and British Cabinet Ministers; United States Senators and Representatives; Governors of States; American Ministers abroad; Foreign Ministers to the United States; Judges of the Supreme Court; Ecclesiastical dignitaries and eminent theologians of every denomination; officers of Army and Navy; famous physicians and scientists; and in general men and women whose names are household words throughout the English speaking world.

The justice sat gravely thinking. I am very sorry," said he, "that such a case has been brought before me. I did not make the laws. I am simply a servant placed here to execute them. You appear to be a young man of promise, and this arrangement is exceedingly unfortunate. Have you no family?" I had a great deal to say. I told him that I had never heard of such a law, that I had been brought up to most re-

WHEN MA WAS NEAR.

I didn't have one bit of fear
'Bout nothin' tall when ma was near.
The clouds could break up in the sky
Or 'fore the wind in white streaks fly,
But somehow 'nuther I didn't keer
A snap for them when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer
U's little folks—when ma was near.
Jes' fairly flew and wouldn't stay
Round there one bit, but runned away,
An' didn't seem to be one bit queer—
They couldn't help it when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick where
You felt the joy that ma was near.
The thrills of pain couldn't stay much
Under the cooling of her touch,
But seemed to stand in mortal fear
Of everything when ma was near.

—Edward N. Wood.

A SPECIAL CODE.

Experience, the shrewdest expounder of a principle, the most acute logician, the wisest of all counselors, is some profound thinker took occasion to remark, like the red light at the rear end of a railway train—it illuminates only the path gone over. This may not be the exact wording, the fine shading of the profound thinker, but I care not so much for his wording as for his idea, not so much for his shading as for his truth. Swinging behind a train which at times rushes wild through my fancy there is a red light, and its dull rays fall upon a path gone over, one leading out from a newspaper. One morning it came out, broad in assertion, boastful in big type, declaring that it had come to stay, but the afternoon had come a man whose political pull had put him into the sheriff's office as a deputy stood at the entrance of the counting room—where nothing had been counted—tacking a card on the door, driving shingles into the sore breast of a once buoyant hope. Well, that was all there was to the paper, and it wasn't much, surely—an idle lesson learned at a lazy noon—but what followed was an experience. I set out upon a stroll down through the cypress districts of west Tennessee. The weather was charming, a pink June, and the sun set that evening with a glow that promised romantic adventure. Rain was pouring down a week later, and romance was nowhere in sight. I went to a barn and lay in the fodder to wait for it. Lightning struck the barn, and I tumbled out, stunned, scared half to death, and took to my heels across a meadow.

Some one cried stop, and then a gun went off. I stopped, and a man ran up and arrested me. Lightning had set the barn on fire, and of course I was accused of it. I went with the man and stood near while he swore out a warrant for my arrest and then acknowledged that I was aware that I was in custody. By this time a number of furious citizens had arrived, and I began to fear lest they might not wait for the slow processes of the law. My experience with the daily newspaper had taught me something of legal procedure, and I asked the justice if I might have a change of venue.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Thank you for a change of venue," said I.

This set them all a-laughing. I had never asked for such a thing before and did not know the exact wording. I felt sure that I couldn't miss it if I were only polite. But I did miss it and they poked merciless jests at my ignorance. After awhile court was called to order, mirth was put aside, and I was told that the charge against me was excessive, serious, that I must defend myself or spend much of my future time in prison.

"I have, but a very short defense," said I. "The truth is that I didn't set fire to the barn. I had no matches about me, and I was too wet when I went in there to set fire to anything. The things were set on fire by lightning."

"We grant all that, you honor," replied the man who had taken the prosecution of the case, "but what right had he in the barn? And besides let him prove that the lightning would have struck the barn if he hadn't been in there. To my certain knowledge, this barn has been standing for the last 20 years, and I can prove that it was never struck before. It is well known in science that certain people attract lightning, and the law plainly says that during showers these people should keep out of barns."

"Yes, sir," answered a lank man at the rear end of the room.

"You studied science for a number of years, didn't you?"

"I was professor of it for a long time, sir."

"Well, can you tell by examination whether or not a man is an attractor of lightning?"

"I ought to, sir, for I was examiner for this part of the state."

"Will you please step up and examine this man?"

"With pleasure, sir."

He examined my hair, rubbed my head and then shook his own. "I should say, sir, that this would be a mighty dangerous man to be near while lightning is flashing around."

"Then, sir, in view of the fact that this barn was never before struck by lightning, would you be willing to give it as your opinion that the prisoner was the cause of the—well, we'll say accident?"

"I certainly give that opinion, sir."

"Well, then, your honor," continued the prosecutor, "there is but little more to do. Of course this man cannot help his unfortunate attraction for lightning; but, then, neither can a mad dog help being mad. I will now leave him to you."

The justice sat gravely thinking. I am very sorry," said he, "that such a

case has been brought before me. I did not make the laws. I am simply a servant placed here to execute them. You

appear to be a young man of promise,

and this arrangement is exceedingly unfortunate. Have you no family?"

I had a great deal to say. I told him

that I had never heard of such a law;

that I had been brought up to most re-

ster the shadow of the state house; that I had written up many a police court, and that I didn't believe I had more of an attraction for lightning than any one else.

He gravely shook his head. "You perhaps did not know," said he, "that what is law in this part of the state may not be law in other parts. This division of the state has a peculiar local right, ceded to it at the time of the Louisiana purchase." He had me there, and I could say nothing. "We get many of our ideas from the French, and while they may appear ridiculous to the more Anglo-Saxon parts of the great commonwealth we—but there is no use arguing with you. I may explain, however, that persons convicted under the scientific code are not sent to the regular state penitentiary, but to a prison down Bayou Long. It is a rough place, and I regret to see you go there, but there is no need to express sympathy."

"Before direct sentence is passed," spoke up an old man who had hitherto said nothing, "let us see if there is not some way of saving this man. There is among the old statutes which we were permitted to take from the French a clause which says that when a man has been convicted under the scientific code he may be saved by some reputable young woman, who shall come forward and offer to marry him. Now, who knows of a woman who would be likely to marry this man?"

"We are obliged to you," declared the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet. "We can save him. I know of a woman." He wrote a note and gave it to a boy. "Present this to Miss Lily Mayfield," he said.

Lily! That wasn't bad. Better to take a lily in all her glory than to toil in a prison, and so I waited. We had not long to wait. "Here she is," said the prosecuting attorney. And then there stepped into the room the most hideous creature I have ever seen. A nightmare put upon its feverish mettle to portray the horrible could not produce a more repulsive human being. I grabbed my hat and darted through the door. I did not look back when they yelled at me to stop, I did not look back until I had run more than a mile, but at every jump I could see that horrible woman's face.

A year later I was in Nashville. The legislature was in session. One evening in a street car I heard two country representatives talking. "Oh, yes," said one of them, "old Bob is full of revenge. You remember that a newspaper roasted him for something during the last session. Well, sir, I'll tell you what he did. The paper failed, you know, and one of the fellers that had been connected with it went out on a stroll, and he strolled down into old Bob's neighborhood. The fellow didn't know Bob, but Bob knew him and saw him passing by and put up a job on him. And luck came his way, for the fellow went into a barn, and just then the barn was struck by lightning. I forgot how they worked it, but they arrested the fellow, who was considerably of a greenhorn, by the way, and carried him through some sort of a trial and pretended that they were going to make him marry a woman, but she wasn't a woman, but a man that had been fixed up for the occasion. Well, they say that fellow skipped through the door when he saw the thing that was to be his wife and ran a mile without looking back. Yes, old Bob is full of revenge." —Opie Read in Minneapolis Tribune.

An Accommodating Earthquake.

Earthquakes play queer pranks sometimes, and few on record are queerer than an incident of the trembler of 1868. The story is told by Colonel George W. Grannis, who vouches for its authenticity, as he witnessed the extraordinary incident with his own eyes and knows there was no deception. Colonel Grannis was agent of the Montgomery block at that time—an enviable position in more ways than one, because the building was the legal and business center of San Francisco. Here are the veteran colonel's own words:

"I was in my office," said he, "when the first shock came in the evening. That was the earthquake of 1868, the only tough shakeup we ever had in California. Well, I could hear the shouts of people outside and the noise of falling signs and chimneys, but knowing that General Halleck had constructed the building as he would a fortress, according to his ideas of civil engineering, I did not feel the least uneasy. The moment the shock had subsided I ran toward the back of the building to see that the walls were all right. I was on the second floor, and, as you know, the back wall had sprung out and leaned over. I could see the sky between the wall and floors. This was a fearful state of affairs, so I went to engineers and architects. They said it was impossible to pry that thick wall back into place. There was no purchase to get a move on it. Well, I just began that evening to make arrangements to have the wall torn down at considerable expense. That night another shock came from east to west, and what do you think, sir? Honest, so help me, that wall was put back into its place, with the joists fitting perfectly in the holes. There was nothing but a crack left in the plaster." —San Francisco Call.

Superstition Among Lion Tamers.

Lion tamers, while not as superstitious as gamblers, have certain superstitions which affect them strongly. For instance, they are much averse to attempting to hide my troubled face. "You note I eat feasts on a Friday, and, however I'm never good at this sort of hunting," he said on the 13th of the month. Miss "I know," shortly.

He was nearly killed in Chicago on "I can't do it!" And a great tear the 13th of July. William Flanagan blushed on the platform. "I'm sorry, has a superstition peculiar to himself, it."

which is that Monday is an unlucky day. "Don't bother about it," he says for him, and he will take no risks with hand on mine suddenly. "No need any wild animals on that day. Another such a fuss. Give them to me as often as they do."

They are here on the 13th. Will you good enough to help me pick them?

He does so without a word. Together stoop and collect them. Together lay them on the table. Together for a last time!

I bring paper and string and proceed to pack them up, while he watches me silence.

I fear this will not be such a neat reel as yours," I say, speaking as easily as I can and bending over the

iron cage to hide my troubled face. "You note I eat feasts on a Friday, and, however I'm never good at this sort of hunting."

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which is that Monday is an unlucky day. "Don't bother about it," he says for him, and he will take no risks with hand on mine suddenly. "No need any wild animals on that day. Another such a fuss. Give them to me as often as they do."

They are here on the 13th. Will you good enough to help me pick them?

He does so without a word. Together stoop and collect them. Together lay them on the table. Together for a last time!

I bring paper and string and proceed to pack them up, while he watches me silence.

I fear this will not be such a neat reel as yours," I say, speaking as easily as I can and bending over the

iron cage to hide my troubled face. "You note I eat feasts on a Friday, and, however I'm never good at this sort of hunting."

He was nearly killed in Chicago on "I can't do it!" And a great tear the 13th of July. William Flanagan blushed

The Best Time YOU EVER SAW

to wire your house for electric lights is when your carpets are up to clean house.

Find out from any that are using it, how nice the electric light is.

Drop a postal to me and I will come and see you about it.

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It combines SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION wears longer without cost of repair than any other machine. It is NEAT & SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clear, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer \$1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

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INSPECT OUR GOODS.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, July 1, 1894.

WESTERN DIVISION.

South Reading Branch, Trans-leaves Peabody for Boston at 7:39, 9:05, 10:37 A. M., 2:00, 4:45 P. M.
Leave Boston for Peabody at 7:40, 11:10 A. M., 3:10, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.

Trains leave Peabody for Lowell and Lawrence via Waltham Junction at 10:37 A. M., 2:02 P. M.

Trains leave Peabody for Lowell at 7:05, 11:41 A. M., 4:42, 6:07 P. M.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Trains leave Peabody for Salem and Boston at 6:41, 7:25, 8:02, 8:39, 9:51, 10:35 A. M., 1:55, 3:15, 4:03, 5:08, 6:04, and 6:52 P. M.
Trains leave Peabody for Lowell and Lawrence via Waltham Junction at 10:37 A. M., 2:02 P. M.

Trains leave Peabody for Middlebury at 7:05, 9:06, 11:41 A. M., 3:37, 4:45, 6:07 P. M.

ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Watson, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

GOING ABROAD.

The other shore—she sails to that And leaves me here alone, whereat I sigh in vain and let a tear Slip down my cheek. Another dear, However, still is left me at The old stand, and I hang my hat Up there until she come, whereas I much rejoice. Bettimes, I fear The other shore.

Alas, me, I talk but through my hat When I begin to talk like that, And still I have a doubt and fear, And hope presents but little cheer, Yet if I'm left I'll take for that The other shore.

Detroit Free Press.

THE RAY'S WORK.

Of all the beautiful things in this beautiful world there was none that the little ray loved so well as the summer sea. He and his comrades would play by the hour together with the rippling wavelets, darting from one to another in dazzling, mad flashes of light, spreading themselves over the waters, a sheet of molten gold, till a touch of the wind's light lips broke it up into a thousand shimmering fragments. And the waves loved their playmates, too, and each, as the rays kissed it, became itself a little golden sun, sending forth its light into the radiant air, for the sea, like a fickle, lovable woman, answers back to all in their own moods and is loved just because she cannot be trusted. Then, where the waves broke on the golden sands or round the clean, dark rocks, the little rays would fill their foam with light till it shone more brightly white than the laughter on children's lips. His comrades flock to his call and pour down through the crevices in the clouds, widening it as they went. Then they stretched themselves, a broad path of light, from the sky above to the long boat, which they bathed in their soft radiance.

Across the storm driven sea, cleaving the waves asunder with stately motion, a great ship came. The eyes of those on board her, wearied with gloom, turned gladly to that bright spot on sky and sea, and turning saw the boat, saw the white face of the woman and her waving signal. So the ship altered her course, and soon the mother and her burden stood safe upon the decks.

Evening drew near. The tempest had died now, and thus left alone the tired, gray waves, their strength failing and their fury spent, were heaving in sullen impotence to rest. The clouds, falling away from the sky, gathered themselves in soft, changing masses of vapor around the edge of the sea. The sun, sinking lower and lower, called to the rays to come. Sadly they heard the call. They bade farewell to their beloved earth in passion of fervid color. Upon wave and cliff, mountain and cloud, they rained their glowing kisses, and earth's beauty quivered into new glory, as does a maiden's in her lover's embrace. Then they drew together, a road of golden splendor on the sea as they crowded westward after their departing king. With slow, majestic motion he sank to rest.

But the little ray hung back. He had found the cloud who had stood his friend that morning, and he waited to give her goodbye. He was filling her now with his own golden glory of light as he whispered to her of all the beauty which was in the world. Alas, she would stay with it still in the wonder of the night, the great dark peace which never might know. He thanked her, too, in loving words and kisses till she blushed red with pleasure, and then with tender, slow reluctance he drew away from her. As he went the flush faded, passing in gentle change through every shade of russet and purple till the cloud was left alone, resting soft and gray on her twilight couch.

But the little ray was thinking of the light of hope which he had seen in the woman's eyes that day. "Ah," said he to himself, "if I could only shine like that!" And with this wish in him he lingered still in the sky beneath, coloring it a green so pure and so tender that to the woman watching from the ship's deck it seemed as if heaven's own spring were bursting into blossom in her sight. But the light lessened, and the color faded, and she remembered that it was but sun-tinted vapor after all. She sighed, but the sigh left her lips in a smile for the child laughing stretched his hands to her face. Lovingly she pressed closer to her and drew her closer warmly round him. "Good night, little one," she whispered. "You may sleep now, for the day is ended. Tomorrow, when the light comes back, you shall wake again." Then she bent her head down toward his face and mingled her smiles with his in a long, soft kiss.

That was the last thing which the little ray saw before he, too, followed the sun to rest.—Pall Mall Magazine.

A BIG Dress Order.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman the other day, "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city upon another. They were rivals and hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance of pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized."

"But the final and most effective stroke, after which no calls were exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L.—She sent out cards for a grand entertainment and then took pains to find out what Mrs. F.—, her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous pink brocade satin was the material of Mrs. F.'s gown, it was ascertained.

"Accordingly Mrs. L.—, whose husband was in the dry goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F.— on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered her carriage and drove away in tears."—London Tit-Bits.

ANTICIPATING FAME.

BESANT'S PATHETIC STORY OF "PAUL THE WANDERER."

The Quiet Dignity of a Man Who Was Living For Posterity—A Pretty Little Skit Written In the English Novelist's Inimitable Style.

I knew him for several years before his death. When I first made his acquaintance, he was already an old man. He was also, as was evident from the first, a very poor man. He went about shabbily dressed. He carried biscuits in his pocket to the reading room on which he lunched or took snacks at intervals during the day. Perhaps he had dinner afterward, but I always suspected his dinner to be an uncertain and a movable feast. It was understood that he was something in the literary way. I got to know him by sitting next to him day after day. We exchanged the amenities of the reading room, apologized for crowding each other with books, abused the talkers, remarked on the impudence of those who go to the room in order to flirt and so forth. When I got to know him better, I made little discoveries about him, as, for instance, that he liked a glass of beer in the middle of the day and that he could not afford the twopence. I may say, not boastfully, that I was able to offer him this little luxury. We used to go together for the purpose. He was good enough to take an interest in my work. He proved to have a considerable knowledge of books and gave me considerable help in this way.

One Sunday I met him in the street. We stopped to speak. He lamented the closing of the museum on Sunday. For his own part, he said, he would have the reading room open every day in the week. Why close the avenues of knowledge? Why dash the fountains and springs of wisdom? So we walked and talked. He was perfectly dignified in manner, though his great coat was so thin and shabby that one might be inclined to be seen with him. He stopped presently at the door of a house in High street, Holborn.

"I lodge here," he said. "Will you come up stairs and see my hermitage?" I remember that he called it grandly his hermitage. He led the way; the stairs were dark and dirty; he took me the fifth, or fifty-fifth, floor. He lived in the back attic.

"This," he said, "is the cell of the chess. I live here quite retired. There other lodgers, I believe, but I do not know them. I live here with my gary in simplicity. The air is wholesome at this height."

He threw open the window and sniffed the fragrance of the neighboring chimneys. The room was clean; the furniture was scanty; there was no fire at the grate; on a shelf were about 25 books—his library. The man looked perfectly contented with his hermitage. There were no papers on the table, nothing to show that he was a writer.

"I do not know how he lived—certainly he did no work at the museum—but I never borrowed. In one corner stood a wooden chest. He lifted the lid and nodded and laughed.

"Ah!" he said, "now I am going to tell a secret. You didn't know, nobody at the museum knows, the people in the house don't know, that I am—what do you think?—a poet. It is 30 years since I paid for the publication of my collected poetical works. Yes, stand I am going not only to communicate this secret to your honor—in safe keeping—but to present you with a volume, my young friend!" He produced a thin volume. "I am Paul the Wanderer." In fact, the title page bore the legend, "Collected Poetical Works of the Great Paul the Wanderer."

"Thirty years," he repeated. "There were 500 copies. The press received 50, thiblic bought four; there remained 44 I have never given you one. There remain 445. I have bequeathed them to the public libraries of the nation. Sir, you are young. You will yourself perhaps publish your poems. Remember for your comfort that it takes 50 years, or two generations, for the noblest poets to take their place. Greatness—true, stable, solid greatness, not the empty applause of an ephemeral favorite—requires 50 years at least. Go, sir! Take that I have given you, and in after years: I am gone, tell the world I am dead—Paul the Wanderer!" He laid his hand in silence and left.

More than 50 years have passed since he published that work. No one has spoken to me of Paul the Wanderer. But I now understand his dignity, self respect and his content. He was anticipating and enjoying his future. He was living for posterity. His poverty and neglect were nothing.

—Vester Bessant in London Queen.

Another Mammoth Statue.

Teslup Nikolsen Geiger is putting the last touches to his statue of Sarissa, which is to symbolize the ancient kingdom in the Kyffhauser mount, to be unveiled in 1896. The Sarissa appears at the end of a vestibule the style of an ancient castle, a copy of the throne upon which it sits like the sleeping figures of the tiers, with fabulous animals of the mythic world. Barbarossa is represented at the moment of waking from his sleep. In his right hand is his sword, left hand strokes his long beard. Contrary to all other great old heroes, he is here represented as an actual emperor, with the aspect of a noble man. The whole figure, hewed from the rock, will be 10 feet high. The figure of the Sarissa is about 30 feet high.—Chicago Record.

Unjust Discrimination.

Officer O'Malley—"It's thin you're lookin, Mike."

Officer O'Malley—"Tis the fault of the chief, be hanged to 'im."

Officer Phaneyan—"How's that?"

Officer O'Malley—"Shure, an he put me on a beat with never a fristhand in it, the discriminating blaggard!"—Chicago Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

Empress Josephine owned the finest opal of modern times. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the ladies entered Paris.

FAREWELL.

We two shall still meet day by day,
Live side by side,
But nevermore shall heart respond to heart.

Two stranger boats can drift down one tide,
Two branches on one stem grow green apart.

Farewell, I say.

Farewell. Chance travelers, as the path they tread,

Change words and smile
And share their travelers' fortunes friend with friend.

And yet are foreign in their thoughts the while,

Several, alone, save that one way they wend.

Farewell. "Tis said,

Farewell. Ever the bitter asphodel

Outlives love's rose.

The fruit and blossom of the dead for us.

Ah, answer me, should this have been the close—

To be together and to be sundered thus?

But yet farewell.

—Augusta Webster.

BESSEMER ON BESSEMER STEEL.

Marvelous Quickness In Converting Cast Iron Into the Hardened Metal.

In The Engineering Review Sir Henry Bessemer has an article on the steel industry which bears his name. He reminds us that a third of a century ago Sheffield steel made from the costly bar iron of Sweden realized from £50 to £60 a ton. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel of excellent quality can be made direct from crude pig iron at a cost ridiculously small compared with former prices and in quantities which the old steel workers never dreamed of dealing with at one operation.

In lieu of the slow and expensive process of converting wrought iron bars into crude or blister steel by 10 days' exposure at a very high temperature to the action of carbon, cast iron worth only £3 a ton is, Sir Henry says, converted into Bessemer cast steel in 10 minutes wholly without skilled manipulation or the employment of fuel, and while still maintaining its initial heat it can at once be rolled into railway bars or other required forms.

The article gives a vivid picture of all that has been brought about by this revolution in a manufacture in which up to our own time there had been no change since blades of matchless temper were wrought in the forges of Damascus and Toledo. Steel is now adapted to a thousand purposes of which our ancestors had no conception.

By way of giving some idea of the enormous production of Bessemer steel now, Sir Henry asks us to imagine a wall 5 feet in thickness and 20 feet high, like a gigantic armor plate formed into a circle and made to surround London. The inclosure so made would extend to Watford on the north side, to Croydon on the south, to Woolwich on the east and to Richmond on the west. It would contain an area of 795 square miles, and this great wall of London, weighing 10,500,000 tons, would just be equal to one year's production of Bessemer steel.

Oratory and Wit.

"A curious thing about political oratory and wit is the side light it gives upon one aspect of it years ago in Buffalo." Thus Mr. Cleveland is quoted by a listener. "One morning a quaint looking old chap came into my office and said that he had read in the newspapers that I was to speak at a mass meeting the following night and wanted to know if it were true. When I told him that it was so, he revealed to me a new method of gaining oratorical distinction. He volunteered to interrupt my speech at stated intervals with a remark that should be agreed upon between us. To this interjection I was to retort wittily, and thus, as the old fellow pointed out, I would acquire a reputation as a witty speaker."

"My first impression was that he was abusing himself at my expense, but he repeated to me several things I could reply to wittily and wanted me to pay him roundly for helping me to a reputation. But I told him I was indifferent to that kind of fame, and he went away disappointed. Not very long after that I was seated on a stage listening to a speaker when who should arise in the audience but my quaint visitor and bawled out one of the very things he wanted me to pay him for interrupting me with. The orator answered him with the same retort that I was offered the privilege of making, and the audience exploded into laughter, and I heartily joined in, but my amusement had not the same foundation, I fancy, as that of the rest of the listeners. And during the rest of the evening the old chap made an occasional interruption from different parts of the house and the reporters were of the same manufactured sort. I am a trifle skeptical now on the subject of

Essex County G. A. R. Parade.
The arrangements for the Essex County G. A. R. parade at Manchester, Wednesday, Sept. 5, are now all completed and it is expected that there will be a large gathering of the veterans from all sections of this county, in which are located 25 Grand Army posts that are in a thriving condition.

The annual parade has never been held in Manchester, and it is understood that the citizens and summer residents and visitors of that town are already manifesting a deep interest in the occasion and evincing a disposition to contribute liberally toward helping Post 67 of Manchester in its efforts to make the day a gala one.

The route of the parade will be a short one, but the residents along the line and citizens generally will decorate their houses and stores and the public buildings.

The chief marshal is to be Colonel B. F. Cook, mayor of Gloucester, and the chief of the second division will be Comrade Joseph F. Pitman of Post 34 of Salem.

The invited guests are to be Governor Greenhalge and his executive council; Captain J. G. B. Adams, Commander in Chief, G. A. R. and staff; W. F. Wetthebee, department commander, G. A. R. and staff; Hon. W. Cogswell, United States House of Representatives; Hon. William Everett, M. C.; State Senator Sylvanus Smith of Gloucester; State Representatives Howard G. Lane, Jacob Tucker and Clarence Richardson or Gloucester; the selectmen of Manchester and ex-United States Minister to France, Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge.

The dinner will probably be served by some well-known caterer in a large tent upon the village green, the price to comrades being 50 cents a plate.

Dinner tickets are to be procured by posts, of the treasurer, George O. Pierce of Post 50 of Peabody, and orders for them should be made on or before Aug. 31.

The per capita tax is placed at 10 cents, to be used in defraying general expenses.

A reception committee has been appointed by Post 67 of Manchester.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Mrs. Mary L. widow of Moses Brown, who was burned out of house and home by moth burners, has sold the old homestead lot and rebuilt on County street. She will occupy her new home soon.

Leslie H. Golthwaite opens today his new music rooms in South Danvers National Bank building. He has fitted up in good style and included among his furnishings a beautiful Merrill piano, purchased at Roger S. Brown's music headquaters, Salem.

Rev. J. W. Colwell and two sons were guests of O. F. Newhall the first part of the week.

A special train will leave Peabody for Centennial Grove Monday at 12.40 and return about 6 o'clock. There is also a regular train that leaves Salem at 1.25 o'clock.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law

Special attention given to organization of corporations

FRANK E. FARNHAM,

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Peabody, Mass.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION
Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

Blithely whistling, with agile swing,
Leaps the farmer's boy to the grapevines swing.
To and fro, high and low,
Up where the winds the branches blow,
Flying down to lightly pass
Where bare feet ripple the blue eyed grass.
Up again in the sunshine free,
Back, in the shade of the maple tree,
Spurning the ground with supple foot
At the well worn spot at the maple's root.
Higher; the branches strike his breast,
There are three blue eggs in the robin's nest!
Dropping, dropping, swiftly down,
With a flying glimpse of the distant town,
Back and forth in the noontide glow,
Swinging slower and still more slow,
Idly rocking in sun pierced gloom
To a tremulous pause in the vine's perfume.
Springing at length where the grasses grow,
He follows the men to the haying field.
—Mary L. Paine in Good Housekeeping.

ACID FOR MAKING SUGAR.

A Curious Process Which Has Met With Some Success In France.

A very novel method of making sugar has been patented in France by M. Pellegrini. Sugar is chemically a compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen in such proportions that if carbonic acid, water and certain kinds of illuminating gas could be persuaded to unite in the proper quantities the composition of sugar would be exactly imitated. Hitherto no one has been able to make sugar by mixing water with two kinds of gas, but M. Pellegrini claims to have succeeded. The apparatus he uses consists of a large block of pumice stone, cleansed by soaking first in sulphuric acid and then in water, which is set in an iron box plated with nickel inside. The length of the box is three times that of the pumice stone block, which is tightly fitted in the middle, and pipes are arranged to convey the ingredients to the empty ends of the box, as required. Two of them enter from the sides and serve to bring carbonic acid and hydrocarbon gas, while another pipe from above branches so as to reach both empty portions of the box and conveys steam. All the pipes are fitted with valve and pressure gauges.

Another pipe at the bottom of the box serves as an outlet. At first this pipe is closed, as is also the steam pipe from above, and carbonic acid is forced into one end of the box, while ethylene gas is forced into the other under equal pressure and in equal volumes. A few minutes later the steam valve above is opened and the steam forced in under the same pressure. As the gases unite the pressure falls, so that the supply of each must be kept constant. At the end of half an hour the supply of gas is shut off, the outlet pipe is opened, and one of the chambers is found to be filled with sirup containing 25 per cent of sugar.

The sirup is drawn off for refining, and as soon as the apparatus is cool it is ready for a fresh charge. The ethylene gas can be obtained by roasting resin or grease, but M. Pellegrini's patent covers other hydrocarbons, such as petroleum products. The explanation is that the three gases are condensed in the pores of the pumice stone and there unite.—American Architect.

Antiquity of Smoking.

In the mortar of the tower of Kirkstall abbey, which fell in the year 1779, Whittaker mentions that several little "smoking pipes" were found, showing that the smoking of some herb or other

THIS IS THE Merrill High Grade Piano.

Unsurpassed in Quality of Tone and Workmanship, and has reserved the Highest Praise from America's Best Musicians.



When you buy these pianos you spend your money wisely.

The action is easy, the tone full and clear, and every detail that goes to make a first class instrument is found in the MERRILL PIANO.

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**ROGER S. BROWN,
286 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.
FINE PIANO WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**



LOVELL DIAMOND.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

The Curse of Humanity.
Frau Schlemiller (standing with her second husband at the grave of her first)—Yes, here he lies, the brave warrior. You would certainly not be my husband today if my dear John had not died the death of a hero on the battlefield.

Herr Schlemiller (pensively)—Yes, war is the curse of humanity.—Zeitspiegel.

Ragamuffin, Ragamofin.

It was first met with in "Piers Plowman" and meant "one of the demons of hell." In "Piers Plowman" they also met with "ragman"—made from "rage man"—meaning "the devil." "Ragman's roll," of Scotch origin, came into use as a slang term for a lying document or "rigmarole."—Academy.

Weber was very temperate in his habits, but insisted on drinking three glasses of wine and no more every day with his dinner.